# Film MONTHLY REVIEW

9D

Vol. 6 No. 11 Incorporating British Film Review AUGUST, 1948

*Featured in this issue*

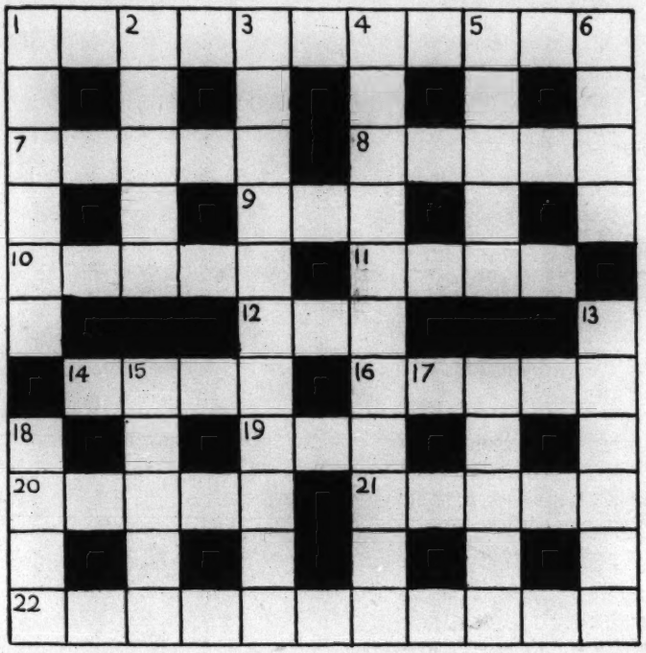
## The Red Shoes

Also a Holiday
SWIM SUIT
Competition
and a contest for
those with
IDEAS FOR
FILMS

# FILM CROSSWORD No. 9

*SOLUTION NEXT MONTH*

**Solution to Crossword No. 8 at foot of column**



ACROSS

1. She played her father's daughter in "Halfway House" (6, 5).
7. Karenina in the first talkie edition (5).
8. Star of "A Double Life" (5).
9. First part of first famous film canine (3).
10. Teach Richard Arlen! (5).
11. They had a special town (4).
12. This aircraft was missing (3).
14. Greta Gynt sang about a lady one! (4).
16. He produced "Great Expectations" (5).
19. Apparently actors have to work to do this (3).
20. Hugh Williams was this kind of husband (5).
21. Star of "M" (5).
22. He made his film debut in "Days of Glory" (7, 4).

DOWN

1. Audiences often do this at an embarrassing love scene (6).
2. Blanche is the star of many films (5).
3. Star of many pre-war films who hopes to produce his own material (4, 7).
4. He's the screen's Paul Temple (4, 7).
5. Physically, one would say that 22 across is this (5).
6. Oscar Homolka presided over one (4).
13. The scenario designer attempts to do this (6).
15. Character actors always attempt to play theirs well (5).
17. What film "yes men" contrive to do (5).
18. Laughton and Olivier have both played one (4).

CLUES ACROSS.—1, Hamlet. 4, Hill. 8, Dixie. 9, Noose. 10, Roe. 12, Dee. 13, Simone. 15, Del. 16, Ail. 17, Fun. 18, Ablaze. 19, Apt. 20, Urn. 23, Greer. 24, Arrow. 25, Ridd. 26, Ghosts.

CLUES DOWN.—1, Hyde. 2, Maxwell Reed. 3, Ever. 5, Idol of Paris. 6, Lieven. 7, O'Neil. 11, Osier. 12, Deb. 14, Nut. 15, Dagger. 16, Azure.

# ELSEWHERE WITHIN

## FILM MONTHLY REVIEW

## AUGUST, 1948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**DOCUMENTARY *film news***

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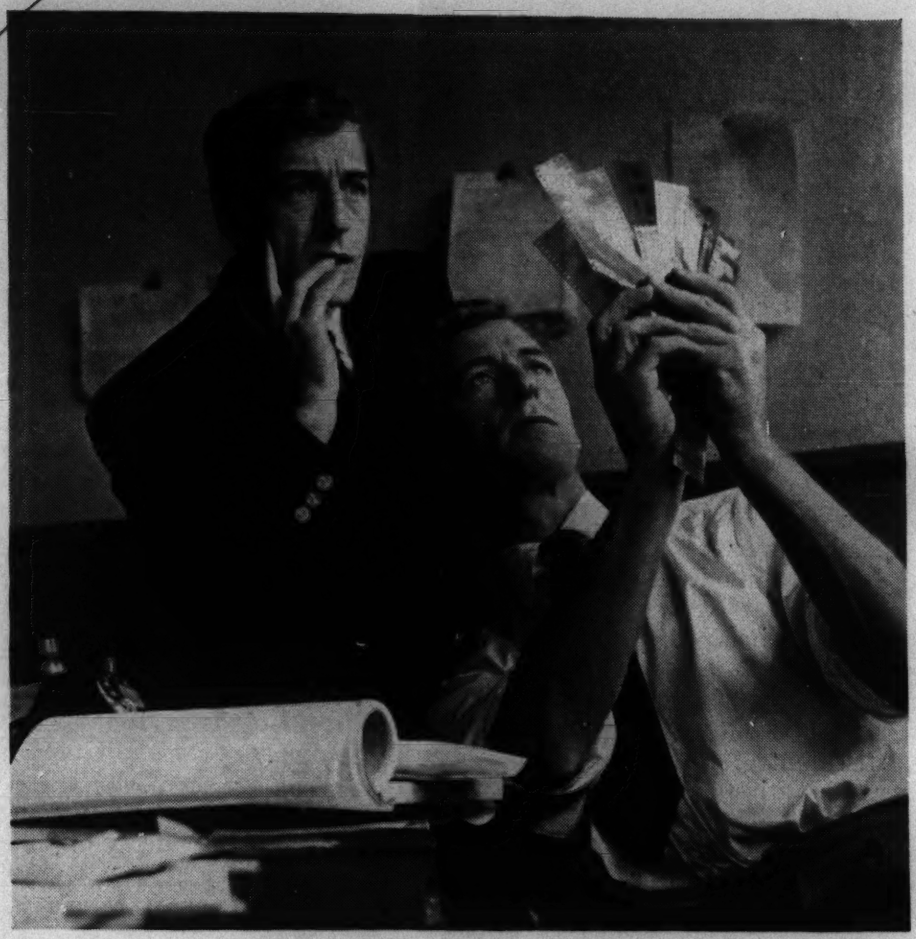


*THE BOULTING BROTHERS*

*Famous for* Thunder Rock, Brighton Rock *and now anxiously awaited in* The Guinea Pig, *soon to be released.*

PERSONALITIES

# THE BOULTING BROTHERS

**by J. W. BOOTH**

**Ambition, co-operation and sincerity took the twin brothers a long way when they decided to form Charter Films at only 23 years of age.**

THE fact that John and Roy Boulting are twin brothers, who, in the latter 'thirties at the age of twenty-three, formed their own company (Charter Films) in order to produce and direct films, would be reason enough for approaching the results of their endeavours with something more than ordinary interest.

Theirs is a unique position in the British film world, one which aroused more widespread comment than their first productions deserved. Yet they had a certain quality, artistically immature perhaps and technically inexperienced, but nevertheless quite definite.

Here, they seemed to say, is a new and positive talent (for the twins are regarded as a working entity) striving to express its ideas through the medium of the cinema, with a daring not to be confined within the accepted limits of screen convention.

This is the quality that has matured throughout the years to become the real and vital reason for giving the films of the Boulting Brothers the attention they demand.

Although *Consider Your Verdict* is usually referred to as their first feature film, actually *The Landlady* preceeded this by a matter of months. Its footage qualifying it for "feature" ranking in official eyes, *The Landlady* may well possess, in retrospect, little of which its makers can to-day be proud.

Yet it is interesting in so much as it marks the genesis of their career and, when taken with their three other pre-war productions, it clearly demonstrates the brothers' declared policy of bringing their ideas to the screen. These were, admittedly, in the earlier instances while they were feeling their way, just simple ones—central situations around which their stories were built.

In *The Landlady* it was that of the boarding-housekeeper whom cheap gossip made turn a girl out into the street, only to discover later that her ex-lodger was a promising film-starlet. In *Consider Your Verdict* it was that of a murderer chosen to act as juryman at the trial of a man accused of the crime he himself had committed. Whilst in *Trunk Crime* they essayed a psycho-

*Continued overleaf*

logical study of a sensitive undergraduate, so persecuted by his fellow-students that he is driven to plotting the murder of the ringleader.

But, finally, in *Inquest* there appeared something more. There was once again the condemnation of blind and thoughtless gossip-making, but more than this there was an attempted expose of the dangers inherent in the wide latitude allowed to coroners in their courts.

The talent of the Boulting Brothers had now reached towards maturity; they had preached a text (though without sacrificing the prime demands of entertainment), they had expressed a viewpoint and laid bare a minor social problem. Now they were ready to deal with the intense emotional upsets caused by world war.

*Pastor Hall,* their first major production, was the first serious anti-Nazi film to be made in our studios. It was propaganda, of course, but propaganda was desperately needed in those days before Dunkirk, in order to make us realise why we were fighting and against what manner of men. This aim the Boultings achieved magnificently, without sacrificing any of their artistic integrity. Indeed the entire film was executed with fine restraint and sincerity, which culminated in that genuinely moving climax, as the pastor (played unforgettably by Wilfrid Lawson) denounced the creed of National Socialism, then walked quietly to his death.

The brothers then joined up with the Forces, Roy going into the army, whilst John chose the R.A.F. However they were destined to make one more commercial production, a film version of the play no one else wanted—or dared—to make, Robert Audrey's *Thunder Rock.*

Its well-known theme was, to say the least, an unusual one for the cinema, being dependent upon a far greater degree of perception than with which kinema audiences are usually credited. The Boultings approached their task imaginatively, with experiments in technique, and for its faults—its basic lack of credibility—the blame must lay to the piece itself.

Service film-making then engaged the brothers' talents. Apart from training films, Roy was responsible (together with David Macdonald) for those two admirable war documentaries—*Desert Victory* and *Burma Victory*—and also collaborated on the Anglo-American production, *Tunisian Victory.* Until this time Roy had done all the directing, whilst brother John produced, but now John tried his hand directing from his own screenplay, *Journey Together,* an excellent feature-documentary in the new-found tradition of British cinema.

Far from quenching their zealous ardour for using the screen to air their own opinions and convictions, the war seemed to have intensified it. Their choice of first post-war production was the adaptation of Howard Spring's *Fame is the Spur.* In carrying this out the brothers fell foul, for the first time, of many critics.

The wisdom of turning the cinema screen into a political platform is open to grave doubts, on both aesthetic and other grounds. More than this the film was accused of dullness, and dullness in the cinema is a cardinal sin. The brothers had committed the error, which it had seemed they must commit at one time or another—the error of delivering a tract more than an entertainment.

Roy's direction, however, was assured and polished, the acting of high standard (especially that of Michael Redgrave) and many of the faults were forgiven if not forgotten for the treatment of that cinematic rarity, an adult idea.

Undismayed by this mixed reception, perhaps even stimulated by it, the brothers next chose another difficult assignment, Graham Greene's *Brighton Rock.* Again they found themselves rapped on the knuckles.

Possibly they were quite right in deciding not to attempt to transfer the very essence of Greene's novel to the screen; but if so, then why not be really bold . . . discard the entire religious *motif* and make it nothing more—but decidedly nothing less than an out-and-out " thriller " with a novel background, the sort of thing which Hitchcock does so supremely well. As it was the external excitements of the plot were hampered by the weak half-clinging to that internal character motivation, which was no longer present in sufficient depth to render the whole thing credible.

Yet once again the direction (this time by John) was sensitive, the editing and photography first-rate, the sequence of the chase through the streets of Brighton with the murder of the newspaperman as its climax, an excellent and sustained example of the mastery of the medium. In the face of such evidence one cannot help feeling that sooner or later the Boulting Brothers will produce a masterpiece. Perhaps it will be their latest film, *The Guinea Pig,* or perhaps we shall have to remain patient with them a little longer.

The honesty and sincerity of their ideals, their popularity with their fellow-workers and, most of all, their firm avowal not to make films down to commonly accepted aulience levels; all this is to be respected *BUT,* without discarding any true essential, can they not produce intelligent and adult films, whose first and foremost object is to entertain, not to reform?

Is not Chaplin to-day the supreme example of the world's greatest, most-beloved entertainer who has sacrificed his rare talent and betrayed his vast and faithful following, for what . . . the misguided cause of self-opinionated propaganda!

*Film Fashions*

# PEDAL PUSHERS

**Is Elcie Maksuta right in forecasting a possible future for daring young ladies in bloomers?**

THE history of slacks runs parallel with that of bicycles, for cycling is a modern sport in which skirts are a real inconvenience. Unlike a horse's saddle, a bicycle could not be ridden sideways, and the wind, as most women know can play devilish tricks. If the skirt is long, as it was when bicycles first became the fashion, it is likely to trail in the dust, get caught in the chain or twisted in the spokes, in spite of all precautions. Adventurous young ladies, to their mothers' horror had shorter skirts and showed their ankles with a great lack of modesty. But though that may have pleased many of their gallant fellow cyclists, the wind lifted the shorter skirts even more mischievously and higher than a longer skirt, and still the problem was not solved. Necessity is the mother of invention, and there followed a very pretty device, known as bloomers and these were most certainly wind-proof and suited the young ladies, turning their mothers' hair even greyer. Bloomers then were the forerunners of slacks, but they did not become very widely adopted.

The first slacks appeared during the 1914—18 war. Of course George Sand swaggered masterfully around in them, but that was not because skirts hindered her, but because she liked their masculine element. During the first World War they were worn very appropriately by women engaged in active service, and from there they slowly crept into every-day life. Still, looking through old fashion magazines, slacks did not gain greatly in popularity. Very wisely women clung to their femininity and left the trousers to the men. But as bathing costumes grew briefer, slacks became more popular, and by 1939 they were generally adopted as a holiday garment. With the war they became a common, every-day occurance, worn at home and in town alike, suiting some and ill-becoming others. But they were comfortable and very useful in a quick rush to the shelter. When bombs stopped falling, slacks became infrequent. To-day they are worn for sports, on holidays or at home. Nor are they just the ordinary slacks. There are many types suiting every kind of figure. Dungarees with their high waist line make legs look longer and give the impression of real hard work. Pedal-pushers, as the name implies, are ideal for cycling for their bottoms cannot get caught in the chain. Even the ordinary plain slacks look very decorative when worn with a blouse, waist-coat or jacket of the same material. Slacks are what you make them, if they are worn with the right accessories and fit well they look smart and elegant, provided they are worn at the right occasion, but if they are worn with fancy blouses, showy necklaces and high heels, they give a careless and negligent appearance.

From bloomers then to pedal-pushers, but no one will be greatly surprised or shocked if next year a gay young lady shoots past on one of those motor scooters, dressed in merrily dotted bloomers.

*JEAN SIMMONS*

*Here seen wearing attractive and youthful pedal-pushers with waistcoat to match.*

Drawings by
Milein Cosman

# *FILMS and the BALLET*

by HANS KELLER

LAST year I wrote in my booklet on *The Need for Competent Film Music Criticism*: "And there is yet another semi-musical art-form (beside opera) which, I think, will be drawn into the sphere of the cinema." I went on to quote Dr. Roger Manvell: "Perhaps it is with the ballet that the film can find a kindred technique . . . too little has been done to show the ballet to a wider public through the sympathetic medium of the screen." Whereon I commented: "Manvell seems solely to imply film versions of existing ballets, but again (as in the case of opera) I would point out that almost as a matter of course genuine film ballets will follow the production of filmed ballets."

Meanwhile, Hollywood having brought out two shorts of Leonide Massine's ballets, this famous dancer and choregrapher now appears, in the self-created part of The Shoemaker, in the first genuine film ballet, *The Red Shoes*. Based on Hans Anderson's fairy tale of the same title, the stimulating 13½-minute ballet forms the central part of a 2¼ hours' feature film of considerable absurdity. Messrs. Powell and Pressburger could not resist the temptation of supplying us with a cliché of the art-versus-life cum actor-lives-his-tragic-part story, whose eminently bloody end is made none the sweeter by the fact that the liquid on the heroine's belatedly dead body looks, by courtesy of Technicolor, like raspberry colouring. But you will enjoy Robert Helpmann's ballet itself, particularly if you don't know the original fairy story, whose allegory of the conflict between passion and conscience is maltreated by the ballet. But then it is always difficult to make something perfect out of something perfect, and *The Red Shoes*' imperfections do not detract from its historic importance as the first serious attempt in a novel art form, whose new possibilities remain to be further exploited. Through the medium of the film, the ballet can at any given moment change not only scenes and viewpoints, but also things and persons—indeed things into persons: See Milein Cosman's impression of a shot from *The Red Shoes* where a dancing newspaper—partner to Moira Shearer—changes into a dancer. There is no doubt that an increased realisation of the film's possibilities will lead to fresh forms of dramatic music—as could already be divined from Walton's music to the Players' Scene in *Hamlet*.

Brian Easedale's ballet music for *The Red Shoes* is good at its best and not bad at its worst. The film invites the listener to peep at some of the music in the nude: Prior to the showing of the ballet itself, the picture features its G minor chorale without orchestral garment, i.e. on the piano. Otherwise there is rather too much music outside the *The Red Shoes* ballet, and apart from the artistically pointless snippets of classical

ballet. The over-generous supply of background music is a fault which the Powell-Pressburger-Easdale team already committed in Easedale's previous (and first) feature film, *Black Narcissus*. In the present picture, the D major background to the love scene (as also a previous background in the same key) is quite unnecessary in itself, neatly though its continuation (still in D) leads up to a B minor ballet excerpt. Come to think of it, why have any non-realistic music at all in a ballet film? Why subscribe to the Hollywood maxim that love is nothing if not the food for background music?

And so to the film ballet's further ventures. *The Steps of the Ballet* will soon be out. It is the second in the series of educational-plus-entertainment films whose first, *Instruments of the Orchestra,* I recently discussed in these pages. Helpmann again appears in it, this time as commentator. The music is by one of our leading film composers, Arthur Benjamin, who tells me that he greatly enjoyed doing it. No wonder, for it is, foremost, in this kind of film that the composer is able to realise his own, as distinct from the director's ideas. Besides, the director of this film is himself a distinguished film musician, i.e. Muir Mathieson, former piano pupil of Arthur Benjamin. The picture explains the basic steps and ends with a complete little ballet of its own.

Finally there is the children's film *The Little Ballerina,* about which, however, I have not to date received any information.

# FILM REVIEWS

*OLIVER TWIST* has the true qualifications of a master-piece, of a work of art lovingly and thoughtfully executed. There is a wholeness and completion, a final polish about the film not often found. Dicken's *Oliver Twist* is changed and altered as far as the series of events are concerned, but the true Dickensian atmosphere remains, and the feelings and emotions the book produces are not lost to the cinema. So the loneliness of Little Oliver (John Howard Davies), the greed of Fagin (Alex Guiness), or the brutality of Sikes (Robert Newton), are all emphasised and remain true to Dicken's character descriptions. The same applies to the tensed dramatic action which never slackens. The audience follows the film with the same breathless frightened enjoyment as the reader turns the pages of the novel. This surely is a film which completely defeats the argument that novels can only be converted into disappointing films.

*Gentlemen's Agreement.* Another successful film made from a novel. Its very subject matter is bound to arouse much criticism and many varied opinions. The film has a certain smoothness and speed so often found in American pictures. The acting by Gregory Peck, Dorothy McGuire and John Garfield is excellent and even if the film did not bear so important a message it would be good and interesting. As it is, an attack on anti-semitism is a much needed attack in our modern and so called broad-minded community. Many say the attack should have been stronger, that anti-semitism is a universal not a purely American outrage, and that the problem of the film is not solved. I think the film ought to be hailed as one which openly attacks so delicate a subject and does not merely hint at it. Admittedly, many will shrug their shoulders at the film in a "that sort of thing doesn't happen in this country" attitude, but those will be the ignorant. What is happening to the Jews in America is happening all over the world, only many are as hypocritical as is Kathy (Dorothy McGuire) in the film and will admit their anti-semitism not even to themselves. What happens in the film happens everywhere, only sometimes, as so often in this country, it bears a thin disguise.

Naturally, the film cannot hope to solve a problem which has wrecked countless lives for twenty centuries, but the film is one of the first prongs of a very long ladder society has to climb.

*Fort Apache.* The Americans excel in historical films which tell of Indian battles. This

*Continued overleaf*

**Film Reviews**—*Continued from overleaf*

film is of that type and it is a sincere, well-planned and executed film. So often these pictures are wrongly accused of being adventure stories for boys, for we forget that these Indian battles, though exciting and thrilling, are part of American history, to an American a very essential part.

But also these fast moving films give us glimpses of savage and beautiful landscape, uninhabited as it still is very largely to-day. Fast rides, battles, Indians and brave soldiers are a real refreshment from the more complex psychological films. An hour or two of watching fast moving drama with a historical background is an hour or two well spent.

*Fort Apache,* with its large cast including John Wayne, Henry Fonda and Shirley Temple, is a good film and an exciting one. It is a true adventure film which may justly be proud of that very quality, for it is part of American history.

*My Sister and I* starring Sally Anne Howes. We are getting rather too used to seeing films of frustrated sisters, the one authorative, the other meek. *My Sister and I,* as the title suggests, is no different and one cannot help shrugging one's shoulders rather disconcertingly when a woman keeps her dead husband's belongings and room sacred and locked up for twenty years, only to find out that he was her sister's lover. Events of that type are not appealing, but rather distasteful and morbid. The film is livened, however, by two young lovers, and Sally Anne Howes definitely brightens the dim scenes with her charm, sweetness and youth.

# SCREEN ACTING by Peter Noble

IN the days of the silent cinema no acting ability was required, at least not much. The dumbest waitress from a Hollywood restaurant might, overnight, be transformed into a glamorous film star. A slight, sinister looking Italian waiter—such as Rudolph Valentino—could become, with a little coaching, the nation's heart-throb, the screen idol of millions. Screen success did not necessitate histrionic ability, and until the sound film era began film acting was at a lamentably low ebb.

With the talking film, and the consequent inrush of talent from the New York and London stage, the cinema began to have a more literate approach. The bad "ham" actor of the silent days were forced to go. New, and more accomplished players took their place. Yet this new theatrical blood did not altogether advance the cinema. Stage technique in front of the despised cameras was the order of the day, and the modern subtlety of good screen acting has been the outcome of many years of progress.

*MICHAEL MEDWIN*

*The man who can play any role from a cheap crook to a serious young doctor.*

I am reminded of Michael Medwin, one of the most brilliant young actors on the British screen, because he best represents the current type of successful screen player. With him mere looks are not important. In fact his facial appearance has changed with each of his roles. Medwin's face is expressive rather than violently handsome; it has character, and is not distinguished by the vacuity which marked the visages of screen stars of many years ago.

He learned his job in dramatic school, weekly repertory, lengthy provincial tours, one night stands, and the like. He approached each new part as though it were an adventure. He studied and learned, learned and studied. You have seen him play infinitesimal roles in *Root of all Evil* and *Piccadilly Incident;* perhaps you noticed him as a cheap crook in *Night Beat,* as a serious young doctor in *Anna Karenina,* as the foppish Duke of Nonesuch in *An Ideal Husband.* Look for him in *Black Memory, Look Before you Love, The Queen of Spades, Another Shore* and *Trotty True.* Observe how each performance is distinct and separate, how each characterisation blends subtley. Yes cinema acting has made strides since the days of Theda Bara and Fatty Arbuckle. With the help of such newcomers as Michael Medwin it is surely becoming as accepted art, quite distinct from stage acting.

# AUSTRALIA can make films too!

**James Audsley suggests how the vast uninhabited plains of Australia might make ideal backgrounds for Wild West films where cow-boys could roam as freely as they do on the American screen.**

THESE are days of economic crisis, and no British industry has been harder hit than the film business. Most cinemas require over fifty new films a year, and, for these, they are largely dependent on the United States, a dollar country. Despite the recent film agreement, which has far from satisfied everyone, the supply of American films must still be regarded as uncertain; and British studios cannot hope, unassisted, to turn out the number of films needed by British cinemas. In fact, it is doubtful if, with the facilities existing at present, they can even make enough to use to the full the new forty-five per cent. quota.

In view of these facts, it is, surely, rather surprising that so little has been done with regard to co-operation with the Australian film industry. Australia is an Empire country, and one which uses sterling, and not dollars. It offers climatic and geographical facilities unobtainable in Britain, and equal—indeed, similar—to anything in the Californian desert country that has been built up into Hollywood. Australia also offers an existing film industry which, if small, is at least well-established.

The average British filmgoer probably knows less about the Australian film business than he or she does about that of France or Italy. Pre-war patrons may remember a film or two that they think came from Australia; most people saw or read about *The Overlanders,* and some may have read about *Bush Christmas.* Few will have seen this last film, because it was made for children, and shown chiefly at children's matinees. And yet Australia as a film producing country, and not just as an occasional location for a British unit, existed long before the war. Some of the films were shown in England, and a few well-known British, and, indeed, American, actors made occasional appearances in them.

One of these was John Longden, an English actor, who played the leading part in the first great British sound-film success, *Blackmail,* which was also the first great directorial triumph of Alfred Hitchcock. Longden is still seen occasionally in small parts in British films. His best-known Australian effort was *The Silence of Dean Maitland,* for which his name obtained quite a wide British showing.

An American who went "down under" was Victor Jory, a first-rate actor who never received the chance he deserved in Hollywood. Jory has now left films, and he has recently achieved a success on Broadway in the Shakespearian productions of Margaret Webster, a daughter of the late Dame May Whitty. There was a time, however, when this actor, still hopeful of finding his proper place in films, came to England. Here he played "heavy" roles in two pictures, a Bulldog Drummond effort and *Glamorous Night;* after which he went to Australia and played in *Rangle River,* adapted from a story by Zane Grey.

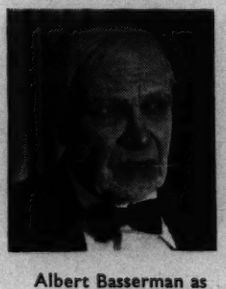
Still another well-known actor with Australian film connections in his past is Errol Flynn. Before starting his acting career, Flynn lived for a time in Australia, and his first contact with the film business occurred when a company hired a boat which he owned for use in a picture. They were making *Mutiny On The Bounty,* and they asked Flynn to play the part of Fletcher Christian, from whose family, incidentally, he claims descent. He did so, but, just as the film was completed, M.G.M. embarked on their version with Clark Gable as Christian, and, as an initial precaution, they bought up the Australian film to prevent its

*Continued on page* 10

Anton Walbrook as
Boris Lermontov

Marius Goring as
Julian Craster

Leonide Massine as
Grischa Ljubov



Albert Basserman as
Sergei Ratov

Robert Helpmann as
Ivan Boleslawsky

Esmond Knight as
Livingstone

Moira Shearer as
Victoria Page

FILM MONTHLY VIEW
J. ARTHUR RA PRES
OF AN ARCH PR

# THE RE SH

Written, produ nd di
Michael Powell a eric P

## THE STORY

LONDON during the season of the Lermontov Ballet. LERMONTOV is the greatest ballet impressario of the day; in his company are gathered the finest ballet talent in the world. His ballet is a religion which occupies his entire life—there is no room for anything else, and he demands the same dedication from his company. His conductor LIVY, designer RATOY, maitre de ballet LJOBOV, his dancers, are all superb, but either they accept Lermontov's iron discipline or leave.

In London the company is joined by ambitious and talented VICKY PAGE, and a young composer JULIAN CRASTER, Lermontov has patronised. As Lady Nestor's niece Vicky has met Lermontov at her aunt's house, and believes that this meeting is responsible for his interest in her. In fact he has seen her performance at the little Mercury Theatre, and knows that this new member of his corps-de-ballet can become a great prima ballerina.

The Company Lermontov travels to Paris, where Irina Boronskaja, Lermontov's prima ballerina, plans to be married. To Lermontov this is a betrayal, an interference with his life-work, and furious, he refuses to wish her, although she has been his prima ballerina for some ti ither The compa ves without ap tly Lermontov lans

The tale ops. splendour, g and Ballet dance re u Red Shoes," d o tale of the g ho dancing sho a has excelle mse costumes. the Company h onc Vicky has r sed training fro ubo BOLESLAW anc will dance is mu to Julian Cr it is which she h t h Vicky finds f c —between imp the artist's tio jealous mast rm

Their thre s a that is echo t " Red Shoes nd dancing sho mpe Is there but wa peace?

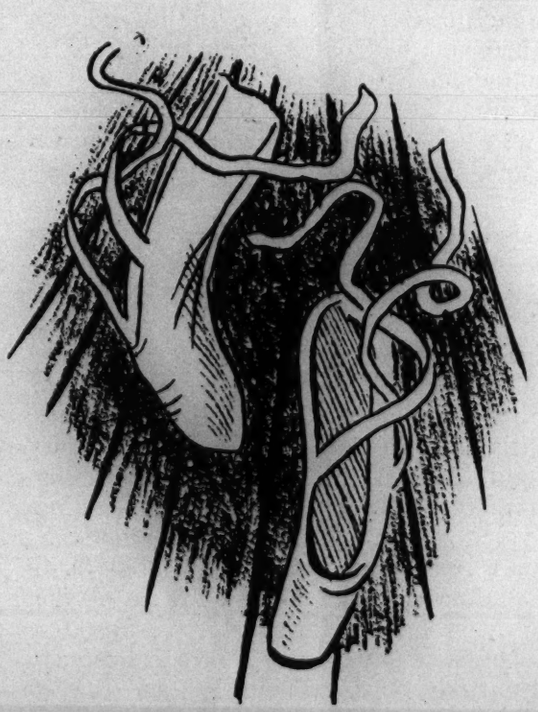
VIEW PREVIEWS
PRESENTATION
PRODUCTION

# SHOES

nd directed by
eric Pressburger

*THE DEAD CITY*
*Scene from the Red Shoes Ballet after a fairy tale by Hans Andersen*

ither good luck or farewell.
ves Paris for Monte Carlo
tly a Prima Ballerina; but
lans for Vicky Page.
ps. In glorious colour and
and charm, the Lermontov
re us. A new ballet, "The
d on Hans Anderson's fairy
ho is bewitched by her red
a gigantic success. Ratov
mself with the sets and
the genius of Lermontov's
oncentrated on the ballet.
sed the leading role under
ubov and premier danseur
and the music to which she
music of Julian Craster. But
it is more than his music to
t her heart, and irresistibly
caught between two loves
imple human passion, and
tion to the ballet and its
rmontov.
s are shaken by a torment
the story of their ballet
nd as in the ballet Vicky's
npel her from life and love.
way in which she will find



*Continued from page 7*

being shown. Flynn then came to England, made a few pictures here, and then went on to Hollywood.

In addition to these, there were, of course a number of Australian films with no well-known British or American names in the cast. There was even a series of "family" films, that was at least a closer attempt to match the popularity of the "Jones" and "Hardy" family series then being made in Hollywood than anything that British studios were turning out.

But these Australian films were not popular in England. And yet they had ideas, and good ones too, as the use of John Longden; the conversion of a Zane Grey "western" into a vehicle for Victor Jory and Australian supporting cast; the attempted use of Pacific history in the "Bounty" film; and the family series; clearly show. Had more British co-operation in the form of exchanges of directors, scriptwriters, cameramen and actors been forthcoming, Australian films and Australian film actors might by now have been as well-known as, and comparable with, those of Britain and America.

After the war, there were signs that co-operation of this sort was coming about. *The Overlanders* cannot be called a purely Australian film, but, on the other hand, it was far more than the mere use of an Australian location by a British company. It was, in fact, a British-Australian film, with each country supplying the ingredients which, it had and which the other lacked. The co-operation extended beyond the actual film to the extent that its Australian star, "Chips" Rafferty, was subsequently brought over to make *The Loves Of Johanna Godden* in a British studio.

The arrival of *The Overlanders* in British cinemas coincided almost exactly with the showing of *Bush Christmas*, an Australian children's film, which justified plenty of optimism regarding the film future of the country which had made it. The almost simultaneous showing of these two fine open-air films was an ideal opportunity for the British film industry to turn its very considerable publicity facilities on to publicising Australian pictures as a prelude to developing them as a valuable adjunct to British productions. But the opportunity was missed. The first flush of public enthusiasm has been allowed to die down, and little has been heard of plans for future co-operation. Australia is now concentating almost entirely on documentaries, and that it has been doing them well is proved by the high praise accorded one of them at a recent European film festival.

This missed opportunity is to be regretted, but it can still be rectified. The fact that the earlier Australian films were not too good need cause no depression or hesitation. The Australian film business is younger than that of this country, and we, too, had to learn. Plenty of filmgoers will remember the days when anything that has been written about the amateurishness of Australian films could have been said with equal truth about British efforts. Yet British films are now equal to any in the world. Australian film-makers always had ideas, and they have already advanced a long way beyond their pre-war standard.

*The Overlanders* points the way. The best method of establishing British films on an unshakeable footing at the high level to which they have now risen is to enlist a powerful ally by developing Australian fiilms to the highest possible pitch. British directors, technicians and actors should go to Australia to co-operate in making films, which, when shown, would help to build the reputations of the Australian personalities; and Australians should work in British productions, to which they would undoubtedly bring something new and valuable in exchange for the experience they would get.

Australia offers unrivalled facilities of a type not available in this country; and Australian history includes some colourful episodes that would make ideal subjects for films that would really justify the word "epic." The voyages of Captain Cook; the convict settlements of New South Wales; the Bushrangers; the gold-rushes; thought of full-scale films based on these ideas is enough to make the filmgoer's mouth water with anticipation. Australia has its own novels, too, and, should these prove insufficient, there is a valuable lesson to be learned from the Victor Jory film, *Rangle River*. This was taken from a Zane Grey western novel, the plot being retained, while the characters, setting and mood were translated into Australian terms. Competent scriptwriters could do the same with any other "wide-open-space" novel. Ordinary Australian life of to-day, too, could be the basis of at least as many interesting films as that of Britain and America.

The venture would be in no sense a desperate gamble. British filmgoers would, as their reception of *The Overlanders* showed, gladly give the films an extended trial and whatever welcome their qualities deserved.

British films, despite—perhaps because of—the high praise which they have recently earned, are now standing at a cross-road. The way they turn in the immediate future is of immeasurable importance. They could do worse than unite their experience with the virility and youth of those who work under the Southern Cross in what, in a very short time, might come to be known as the British Empire film industry.

Studio Personalities

# "Kill that Duarc, Harry"

**One of the most talked of cameramen in the film history is Jack Cardiff, the Technicolor man responsible for all great British colour films such as Caesar and Cleopatra, Black Narcissus and The Red Shoes.**

MEET Jack Cardiff, one of the world's finest Technicolor cameramen . . .

As you pick your way over cables and round props, with a background noise of hammering, typewriters clicking, a babble of voices and an over-all impression of complete, indescribable chaos, you imagine that to master this turmoil, Cardiff must be wise-cracking, dynamic and tough.

"Kill that Duarc, Harry," says a quiet voice which nevertheless penetrates to the farthest corners of the huge stage. And there is Jack Cardiff, the most talked-of cameraman in the industry to-day.

Cardiff's latest artistic triumph has been in Michael Powell's and Emeric Pressburger's *The Red Shoes*, featured in this issue. It is a cameraman's dream film, embracing all the warm, scenic beauty of the Cote D'Azur (where exteriors were taken); a tender love story; the splendours of first nights in European capitals; the hard-work and play, squabbles and tears of an international ballet company; and above all, the vital beauty of copper-haired dancing star Moira Shearer in her first film part.

Cardiff had to tackle the problems involved in bringing excerpts of much-loved classical ballets to the screen, using film technique to achieve an impression of stage perfection. His biggest problem was the filming of "The Red Shoes" ballet, a 13½ minute complete ballet based on Hans Anderson's fairy tale. The lighting of the big sets, transition scenes from day to night, and handling of the principals and the 53-strong corps-de-ballet to bring out every movement of Helpmann's choregraphy and every shade in Hein Heckroth's exquisite set and costume designs, were only some of the points successfully dealt with by Cardiff in close association with director Michael Powell, choreographer, designer and composer Brian Easdale.

Born in 1914, son of a music hall comedian, Cardiff started in films at the age of four—as a child actor. At fourteen he was back, working on the silent version of *The Informer*. This time he had the important job of supplying the director with unlimited bottles of Vichy water, a taste which he developed himself and has kept to this day.

Cardiff soon graduated to assistant cameraman. He worked at Elstree with many notable directors and learnt much from well-known Hollywood guest cameramen who came over to do special pictures.

In 1936 Cardiff was offered a job on *Wings of the Morning*, the first Technicolor film ever to be made in England. This opened up a completely new field in photography, which he embraced enthusiastically, joining Technicolor's staff.

His first assignment sent him round the world photographing *World Window* travelogues for Technicolor. His next took him to the Sudan for location work on Korda's *Four Feathers*. And in the summer of 1939 Cardiff made screen history in France, being loaned to J. C. Bernard Films who were making the first French Technicolor film, *Main Street of Paris*.

After working on *The Great Mr. Handel*, Cardiff went on his travels again He sailed to America in convoy shooting *Western Approaches*, the story of the perilous life of the merchant seamen who brought food and munitions to Britain. His brilliant Technicolor photography of the crew of a torpedoed merchantman adrift for days in the Atlantic set a new standard for harsh realism in documentaries.

Cardiff then went off to Egypt for location work on Gabriel Pascal's adaptation of Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*, and in 1945 Cardiff teamed up for the first time with Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, photographing *A Matter of Life and Death*.

But it was in *Black Narcissus* that Cardiff sprung into prominence as virtually one of its

*Continued overleaf*

Studio Personalities—*Continued from page 11*

stars. This beautifully photographed tale of the life of five Anglo-Catholic nuns in a remote Himalayan Palace was made entirely in the British Isles. Yet visually it captures the full atmosphere and effect of life in India.

A modest man, yet intensely ambitious about his work, the major part of Cardiff's waking day is swallowed by it. The job of top-ranking cameraman may pay high dividends (perhaps running into a three-figure weekly salary) but it is no sinecure. He leaves his Kensington home at seven in the morning, in order to make the 8.30 a.m. starting deadline at any of the main studios which are anything up to a 25 mile radius from London. Although work officially stops at 6.30 p.m., Cardiff may stop for a conference with the director or Technicolor advisers.

When the actual physical photography of the film is finished, Cardiff's job is not ended. He then spends much time at Technicolor Ltd., working with their technicians on producing the best possible print. A conscientious worker, he also likes to use the "between" gap to prepare for the next film. As long as a year before he started work on *The Red Shoes,* Cardiff became an almost daily balletomane wherever ballet was to be seen. He also spent much time in Madame Volkova's classes soaking in the atmosphere and making preparatory tests.

If anyone should doubt that sheer hard work, grind, fanatical interest and ambition, plus that elusive quality of talent, do not add up to success, let them take a lesson from Cardiff. In the film industry there are no short cuts to the top. And the names behind the stars are too rarely known. Britain should be proud of its Man of Colour.

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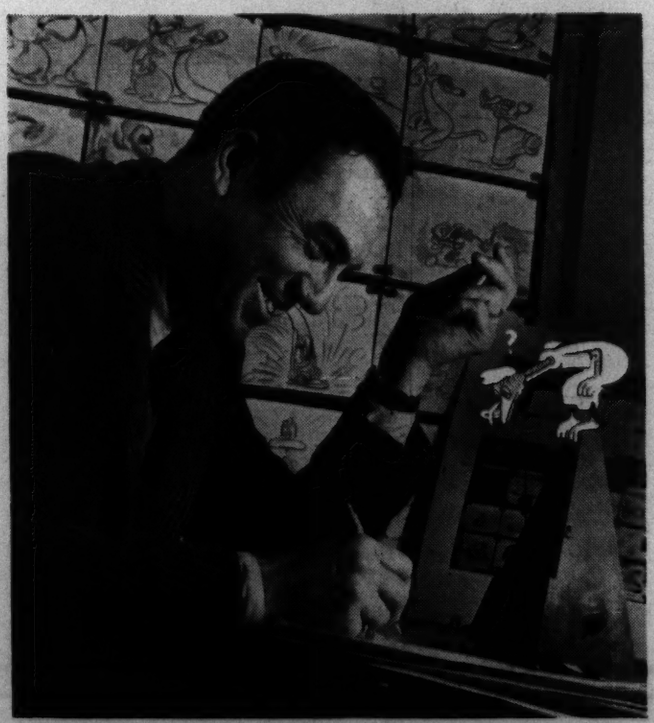
**A CHILDREN'S CORNER**

# *A New Life for English Cartoons*

**Britain's hope for valiant rivals to Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck**



*DAVID HAND*

*Designing Britain's first cartoon stars since Felix the Cat. The name of this one is still unknown.*

MICKEY MOUSE, Donald Duck, Goofy, they all speak with American accents, so did Snow White and Pinocchio. When you see a cartoon you expect that, for you know they are all produced in the States.

About fifteen years ago Felix the Cat was as famous as Mickey Mouse, but his voice was very English. Felix was the first cartoon star and he was born in England. But somehow Felix lost his popularity and Mickey Mouse took over. No one grieved much after Felix and soon he was forgotten. In the meantime one cartoon star after the other appeared in America, but no one here thought of creating some of our own.

A short while ago a man called David Hand came to this country and he is getting ready to make some British cartoons. This is quite a long and complicated process. First he decides on a story and then divides it up into a number of sketches. The characters in the story are all planned in minute detail, down to the last button. After that the background to the story is drawn on strips of celluloid which are laid on top of paper backgrounds and then photographed. For a ten-minute film 14,000 exposures have to be made.

David Hand has many assistants. But he is still looking for more artists, and many young men, mostly ex-service men are being trained by him. So far they have made quite a few advertising films for Rowntrees Chocolate. At the moment they are planning a historical film called *Magna Carta.* Soon there will probably be a new English cartoon star to take Felix the Cat's place and rival with Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck.

# *FLASHBACKS* of the FILM INDUSTRY

**J. Huntley takes us back forty years when Westerns were filmed in Epping Forest, when Ophelia had to be able to swim instead of act and when the filming of Hamlet lasted six hours.**

IN 1908, America increased the tax on imported films in order to increase their almost non-existent production industry which at that time was completely swamped by imported films from Britain, France, Germany, Norway, Sweden and Italy. The one strong-point of the American industry was the making of Western films, so in order to retain the market despite the tax, Britain started producing Westerns in a big way. These were filmed in Epping Forest, on Box Hill, across the hills at Addington, Surrey, and at Friern Barnet. Needless to say the effect was not very realistic and the experiment was eventually dropped. Simultaneously the Americans started making pictures of English life in the States, only to discover themselves that imitations can never produce good movies in the long run. How many times the industry was to re-discover the moral during its later years; how many more times will it continue to prove the self-same moral!

### Saucepan-lids for Clappers

In 1926, two saucepan lids were borrowed from the canteen at Lime Grove Studios, Shepherd's Bush; they were required as clappers for the first British Acoustic talking picture made in this country.

### From Six Hours to Six Months

Shortly before World War I, Shakespeare's *Hamlet* was produced at Ealing Studios, Ealing Green. The sets were built in three weeks, the script was prepared in two days, and the entire shooting took nine hours. The film involved twenty-two settings, which were erected one behind the other and pulled down as soon as the action had been shot. The part of Hamlet was the only one cast in advance; the rest of the parts were allocated before shooting as a result of a general call sent out to everyone who had ever written to the studio for a job and asked for less than ten shillings a day. The only requirement for Ophelia was that the lady in question could swim. Shooting started at ten o'clock in the morning, lunch break lasted twenty minutes, and the whole thing was in the can by four o'clock that afternoon. It ran for fifteen minutes. The studio was glass-roofed and the sun was the only illuminant (no time lost on lighting set-ups). There were no retakes.

Laurence Olivier's production of *Hamlet* at Denham took six months to shoot, the script took about three months to produce and casting was the result of many weeks' studio tests for every major part.

### Twelve Operators for One Show

For the premiere of the first sound film programme presented by the Warner Brothers in New York in 1926, it took twelve operators to run the show. There were four machines, two of which were loaded with a duplicate copy of the film, with duplicate sound on the turntables. The two projectors started up simultaneously and ran in sync. throughout the reel so that if one machine broke down the other could take over immediately. Changeovers meant that three operators had to stand by each of the four projectors as the change was made from Nos. 1 and 2 machines to Nos. 3 and 4.

### Lavatory Cisterns a Safety Measure

The original water-cooled projection gate consisted of an ordinary lavaotory cistern suspended over the projector from which ran a constant trickle of water. In the event of fire, the operator just pulled the chain and jumped clear!

### Pinewood for Hollywood

During the 1930's, when feeling ran high about the overwhelming success of American films on British screens, it was decided to build a completely new British film studio with British equipment and British technicians to make British films. It was to have no possible connection with the great American film centre of Hollywood, but was to be the British film industry's real home. So they called it Pinewood!

### The Glass-roof Studio

The first studio to be built on the Gaumont-British site at Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, erected in 1914, and was the first building in this country erected specifically for the purpose of making films; like other converted plants of its day, the studio was glass-roofed.

# THE SCREENWRITERS—A PLEA FOR

"BEFORE we can hope successfully to expand British film production we must learn to make better use of the talented and experienced writers already in the industry, and to introduce new writers who are prepared to devote themselves to writing films. Hitherto when there has been any expansion in the industry it has been carried out in a recklessly profligate, not to say cock-eyed, manner. With notable exception, producers, and many others in the industry—for producers are by no means the only offenders—fail to appreciate that writing is the raw material of films. They look upon writers as labourers in the vineyard, whereas in fact they are vines themselves.

"When I first entered the industry as a struggling lad many moons ago I was naive enough to believe that the overwhelming importance to films of writing would be apparent to the meanest intelligence. I was quickly disillusioned. Since then, together with my fellow-screenwriters, I have been monotonously propagating this obvious truth. I am happy to say it is beginning to penetrate. Annually—usually around

## . . . two who have been a success

### FRANK LAUNDER

*Frank Launder began his working life as a Civil Servant in the Official Receiver's office at Brighton. But young Frank craved for a wider satisfaction. And so he forced his way into the Brighton Repertory Company. During the day he worked in the all-too-realistic atmosphere of the Bankruptcy Court; at night he was appearing on the stage in plays by the masters of theatrecraft—Shakespeare, Ibsen and Shaw. But Frank was not entirely happy about his talents as an actor. Neither was the public. And when audiences began to show this in no uncertain terms, then Frank Launder, actor, decided to become Frank Launder, playwright. His play "There Was No Signpost," has not become a classic. In fact, as Frank Launder himself says, with the candour so characteristic of him:*

*"It was full of wisecracks and smart dialogue —and very little else."*

*However, it was produced and it did interest the late John Maxwell of Elstree Studios. The result was a job in the Scenario Department.*

*For the psychologists among us—Launder has almost a mania for period houses; in the past 12 years he has occupied 23 in various parts of the country.*

*Perhaps there is in this some clue to the personality of Frank Launder, artist.*

### SIDNEY GILLIAT

*Sidney Gilliat is a very outspoken man In fact, it was this particular quality that gained him his first job in films. His forthright views on picture making were overheard by Walter Mycroft, the producer, who was then a screenwriter. Mycroft decided that he was talking sense and as a consequence Sidney Gilliat became a reader with British International Pictures at Elstree. But this same frankness very nearly ended Sidney's film career.*

*"Some time later on, a director heard me say that exterior mid-summer scenes cannot be filmed in mid-winter. Before I knew were I was, I was playing an 'outdoor' scene myself."*

*"When I started producing, I had to do exactly the same thing—and now I know how that director felt!"*

*In 1930 he joined the Gaumont company as a junior writer. His own first original story was "Friday The 13th."*

*Had it not been for this chance meeting with Walter Mycroft, Sidney Gilliat, the son of a newspaper man, would probably have become a journalist himself. And we would never have seen that fine film, "Waterloo Road."*

*Sidney Gilliat is a man of acute perception; and his loathing for falseness is as fierce as his passionate regard for sincerity.*

# RECOGNITION

Christmas—it bursts on some film executive like a blinding light, and he rushes into print with his great discovery; about once every six months a film critic mentions a writer's name; and on occasions we have been known to receive a distant nod from trade union officials.

"'The sky is brightening.'"

Those are the words of Frank Launder. Perhaps there could be no more fitting introduction to this series. For not only is Mr. Launder distinguished both as a director and as a producer; he is also the president of the Screenwriters' Association. It was as a screenwriter that he began his film career; and it is as a screenwriter that he really prefers to be known. For no one realises more than he that "In the beginning was the word."

Personally, I feel that the first essential for better British films—and let us face it: many of our present films are far from good—is a new generation of script writers trained primarily for the film medium. If these young writers are schooled in the traditions of sincerity and quality that were responsible for so many fine British war-time films, and if screenwriters in general are accorded the recognition they deserve, then there will be little fear for the future of the British film industry

Launder and Gilliat have a reputation for creating good films. Unlike some other well-meaning film makers they have never succumbed to the pretentious. For they believe that all art—and the film must now certainly be accepted as an art form—should be as universal as tears and laughter.

Aspiring screenwriters would do well to bear this in mind.

★ ★ ★

Together, Launder and Gilliat have given us such films as *The Lady Vanishes, Night Train To Munich, The Young Mr. Pitt, Millions Like Us,* and—since they formed their renowned company, Individual Pictures—*The Rake's Progress, I See A Dark Stranger, Green For Danger, Captain Boycott,* and now, *London Belongs To Me* and *The Blue Lagoon.*

# COMPETITION COLUMN

## Swim Suit Contest

In the last issue of this publication Elcie Maksuta guided you in the choice of your swim-suit. If you have followed her advice, no matter what your dimensions, you have a chance of having your photo published in a future issue of this publication.

Send in a snap-shot of yourself in a swim-suit, and the girl who has made the wisest choice will have her picture published. If you wish to have your photo returned, enclose a stamped addressed envelope, and no entry will be considered without the form below. Closing date August 31st.

Competition Page (SS 1), Precinct Publications, 50, Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7.

I wish to enter for the swim-suit contest and enclose a snapshot of myself taken this year. I agree that the Editor's decision is final.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

## Film Ideas Competition

The Editor recognises the supreme importance of the writer's contribution to the film. He also thinks that too many producers underrate the taste of the general public. In order to prove this, readers are invited to submit original ideas for screen stories. These should be approximately 250 words in length. Each month we will publish the four ideas considered by our staff to be the best. Readers will then be asked to vote, on the available form, for one of the four. The competition will last for several months and the winners will be awarded a guinea each, plus a free trip round one of the larger film studios.

### Conditions

Any number of ideas may be submitted, but each must be accompanied by the form below and a stamped addressed envelope for the return of the MSS. Remember we are only asking for ideas for stories. The Editor accepts no responsibility for anything that may arise out of the publication of your idea. The Editor's decision regarding the publicaton of ideas is in all ways final.

To: Competition Corner (FI/1), Precinct Publications, 50, Old Brompton Road, S.W.7.

I enclose an idea of approximately 250 words for an idea for a film. I have read the conditions and agree to abide by them.

Signature.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

WHEN Ann Todd, now starring in *The Passionate Friends,* was in Hollywood last year to co-star in *The Paradise Case* with Gregory Peck, women journalists at a reception admired the beautiful white silk dress she had brought with her from austerity Britain. Ann Todd mentioned casually that it had dropped from the skies; it was made from a parachute that carried her airman husband, Nigel Tangye, to safety when he had to bale out during active service.

A NEW Rolls Royce, with a world famous radiator, long bonnet, streamlined body and luxuriously appointed fittings, was supplied for the new Two Cities comedy, *Woman Hater,* at a cost of £20. Used for a scene in which Stewart Granger and David Hutcheson career madly through the countryside, it was constructed by the property department of Denham Studios. Stewart Granger, an extremely competent driver when at the wheel of a real car, declared that it was far more difficult to pretend to drive the studio equivalent.

THE phrase " lock them up in the cooler " has a new meaning for the Gainsborough unit who have been filming location scenes for *Christopher Columbus* in the West Indian Island of Domonica. Looking for a place in which to keep the camera equipment and Technicolor film stock safely out of the tropical sun, location cameraman Cyril Knowles was baffled until the local police offered him—the gaol. The cells were the coolest spot on the island and the safest.

THE Rank Organisation are to produce a twelve-reel complete pictorial record in Technicolor of the Olympic Games. To be called *XIVth Olympiad—The Glory of Sport,* the film will be produced by Castleton Knight, who won world-wide renown for his films of the Victory Parade and the Royal Wedding. The Olympic film will break all production records as the fastest feature film ever made. Within three weeks of the closing ceremony at Wembley on August 14th the film will be distributed all over the world with special commentaries translated into sixteen different languages. For this production one million feet of specially prepared Technicolor stock has been sent from New York.

Bernard Farrell, 22-years-old son of the famous French star Francoise Rosay, is making his British screen début in *Passport to Pimlico,* playing the part of the Duke of Burgundy.

Although Francois Rosay has recently worked at Ealing in *Sadaband for Dead Lovers,* it was not until her son had made a successful test that his identity was discovered. Director Henry Cornelius and Associate Producer E. V. H. Emmett made a flying visit to Paris just before the film went into production to interview several French actors. Bernard Farrell was one of them, and he was brought to Ealing for a test.

Before starting work on *Passport to Pimlico,* Bernard Farrell had made only one short appearance in a French film, but he has acted in a large number of French plays, including one with his mother, in which he played the part of her son.

THE enterprise of an English film company has re-opened an Australian film studio which has been closed since before the war. The deserted Pagewood Studio in Sydney has been put into working order at a cost of something like £5,000 for the shooting of interior scenes on Ealing Studios' second Australian production, *Eureka Stockade,* which Harry Watt is directing. The studio was just a shell when the unit took over. To-day, the dressing-rooms have been re-furnished and re-decorated, new wood-working machines have been installed, the make-up department has been re-equipped, and administrative offices and other buildings have come into use again.

# . . . and a good time was had by all

**with the aid of plenty of champagne and beautiful film star smiles**

THE Sunday Pictorial Garden Party was, with little doubt, a great success; filmgoers turned out in their thousands, and the majority of actors and actresses did their duty by signing autographs at 1/0d. a time or being photographed with their "fans" at 7/6d. All the proceeds went to "The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children" and "The Church of England Children's Society."

Truly the turnout at the thousand-acre Morden Hall Park was very good. Admittedly it must have been rather terrifying to ride in the open Jeep surrounded by a milling mass of young "bobby-soxers," for there is no other word we could use to describe them; nevertheless we do feel that a few more of the stars could have come into the open, and supped their champagne a little faster, but there were plenty of smiles as the candid snapshots in our album show.

(1) Jean Simmons looked radiant; (2) John Mills inquisitive; (3) Petula Clark interested and (4) Sid Field appeared industrious; (5) Patricia Roc seemed to smile especially for us. (6) Martha Raye looked perturbed and (7) Sophie Tucker a trifle dispirited; but when we noticed (8) John Howard Davies with his smile, and the really natural beauty of (9) Ingrid Bergmann, we were happy. Perhaps not as happy as some, for we had not had time for the champagne.

The Editors feel that some of their readers might like Post Card enlargements of the snapshots taken. These will be sent on receipt of a remittance of 1/6d. each, but please state by number which particular photograph you require.

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## Documentary Film News

**If you are interested in these snippets why not get the paper regularly ?**

FILM-MAKING in this country was in its infancy early in this century. The public had not got into the habit of going to the pictures, but people had already begun to realize that the film could become a dangerous weapon—the public morality must be safeguarded. The Good Old Days of Victorian prudery were not so very far away and it came about that those who make films with a hand-cranked camera and a lot of hope were mostly those go-ahead young men who had so far grown away from the manners of their nineteenth century papas as to be all too ready to flout convention.

The general public then had no idea (neither had the film-makers of those days) of the far-reaching effects of moving pictures in the future. They did not realize that what they regarded as a novel form of entertainment would come to be the most powerful teaching medium in the world —a medium which could reach all races, all ages, all creeds and could influence thousands of people for good or for ill. They did realize that here was something new and, therefore, suspect and over which there ought to be some way of exercising a control.

And so, in 1913, at the request of the cinema trade in general, the British Board of Film Censors was set up, and both exhibitors and producers felt happier because they could now go to the public and say, as it were, "Here is a film for you to see. It has been passed by the Censor and it has a certificate showing that it will do no moral damage to you." The Board was in effect their baby—maybe thirty-five years later the child is a trifle tiresome and often gets obstreperous, but the fact remains that producers and distributors held hands over the font at the christening in 1913.

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EDANA ROMNEY, born in Johannesburg in 1919, and educated at the local Convent, trained as a dancer, and was only eleven when she appeared at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, as Susan in *The Constant Nymph.* She came to England in 1935, and after one year's training at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, went on tour, until her first London appearance in 1937 as Louise Querouallе in *Ninety Sail.*

In 1940 EDANA ROMNEY joined the B.B.C. Repertory Company, and appeared in their films; this led to a small part in *Alibi,* and to a meeting with Rudolph Cartier, and they decided to form a company together. They wrote two screenplays, the second of which was *Corridor of Mirrors,* based on Chris Massie's novel, and when, after three years, they had raised sufficient money, they opened a studio in Paris, and produced this film with Eric Portman starring opposite EDANA ROMNEY.